

get out of the shower and repeat the same daily routine: make up my face, pluck my eyebrows and mousse my hair. I apply concealer under my eyes to hide the large, dark bags and try to give my hair volume – something I’ll never accomplish without a wig. I think about the way I look constantly. I don’t look the way I used to, and I don’t like it. Everyone says the same thing: “Everybody looks different after having children.” But I don’t want to look different! **by nicole allard**



make me a princess... someday

I go through the same sequence in my head: My breasts aren’t where they used to be, my lower half is covered with stretch marks, my hair is falling out, my stomach is like Jell-O and my feet are disgusting. Something inside of me is always saying you’re not attractive enough.

It’s as if there’s “the young me” inside of my head mocking the way I presently look. I know that a lot of women – young and old, single and married – go through these same things. That scares me the most. I wouldn’t wish this on my worst enemy.

These thoughts and feelings make us do the strangest things: breast augmentation, liposuction, face-lifts, hair dye, laser surgery, nail polish and tons of makeup. What a

waste of time and money. Unfortunately, I’ve thought about all of these things. I want breast surgery to keep my breasts perky, and laser surgery to rid me of the scars of child bearing. I spend way too much money on hair dye, nail polish and makeup.

Just a little color on my face lifts my mood. Deep down, I know this lift is merely temporary, but I go for it anyway. I also know that it doesn’t change who I am – at all.

I always have socks on to hide my feet, even when I’m sleeping. I only buy shoes that completely cover my feet. I dread summertime. I wear capris to replace the shorts I used to wear. And when I flip through a catalogue for bathing suits, I look at the cover-ups more than the actual suits.

Sometimes I think I should see a psychiatrist, then I remember that most women think this way – whether they admit it or not. If not for me, at least for my daughters I need to resolve this.

My hope is that things will change – that I will change. Someday society and media won’t revolve around bleached hair, big breasts and long legs. Someday women won’t feel inadequate just because of their sex and the way they look. Someday we will be free of these foolish thoughts and feelings. Someday. ●●

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